

CONTROL

SKATE RAG

3



INSIDE!

TEXAS
SUAS

AND
MORE SHIT!



CONTOUR 3

WINTER 1986

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BOSTON, MA 02124

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BUDDY NIX, DOUG'S CAR, INDEPENDENT TRUCKS,
ETC. ETC. ETC... (SPECIAL THANK TO TERRY
WHITNEY IN TEX-ASS!) ... ANDY ... LUK ... EXH

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LETTERS:

Well, well, well, here we are (finally) with our third issue, and with circulation much increased, we got some MAIL! Well, sort of... I guess we asked for it!

Dear Contort,

I am curious about the expression, "part of this complete breakfast." My 5-year-old will be watching T.V. in the morning and they'll show a commercial for a children's compressed breakfast food such as Froot Loops or Booberry and they always show it sitting on a table next to some actual food such as eggs, and the announcer always says, "Part of this complete breakfast." Don't they mean, "adjacent to this complete breakfast," or "on the same table as this complete breakfast?" And couldn't they make essentially the same claim if, instead of Froot Loops, they put a can of shaving cream there, or a dead bat?

Joe THE Dog

Once upon a time there was a big giant who owned a golden chicken and liked string beans for supper. Once he went shopping and bought Brand X instead of Bufferin and when he got a headache he died instead. The next day the supermarket was firebombed and a piece of the checkout-girl's flesh flew over to the side of the road where it nourished a milkweed that grew there.

One day while I was fishing and I caught a fish. And I caught another fish. Then I cut them into a little Peces and, put them on a fire and eated them. When I was fishing. on Tuesday. Then I went to the boats and went in a a boat ship and saled to eam ~~men~~ canzus. In the boat. I saw a tiger. and a lion? But, but, but, they ate all of the drops of water all the water. And my bote went down to the bottom of the sand. of the river. So I shot my and dove into a hole and got out saiflie. In the. But. Also my tonales were getting greasy. From the lion. and the tiger?

THE BIG END

IS THIS A WARNING OF THE FUTURE??? WHO CARES???? SEND US MORE SHIT!! (adress on inside cover)

TEXAS

SHUT UP AND SKATE! HOUSTON

WHEN'S
TEX-ASS?



ONCE AGAIN TONY HAWK
FLEW HIS WAY TO FIRST
PLACE WITH McTWISTS,
AIR WALKS, HIS NEW
720 CAY TWIST (McHAWK),
AND A MILLION OTHER
TRICKS OUT O' THE BAG.
JAPAN ATT.

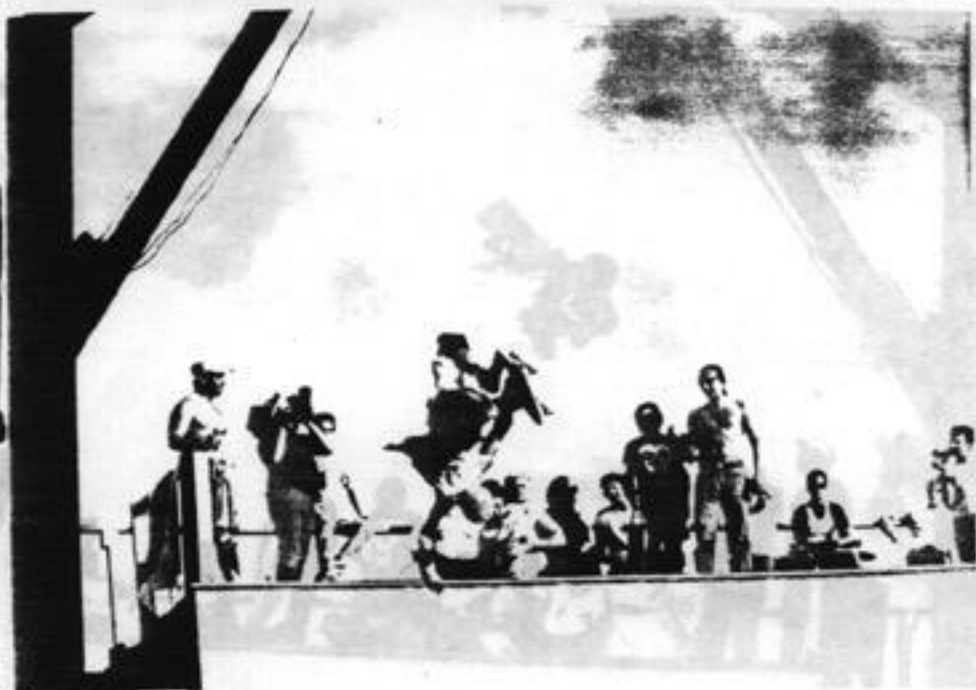
CAB, THOUGH HE WAS HURT,
BLASTED WITH AIRS, BACK-
SIDE, MUTE (9 ft), ETC.
BUT ONLY MANAGED TO
GAIN EIGHTH PLACE FOR
HIS TROUBLES.
HIGH BACKSIDE
SILHOUETTE.

YOUNG 'N FIRM

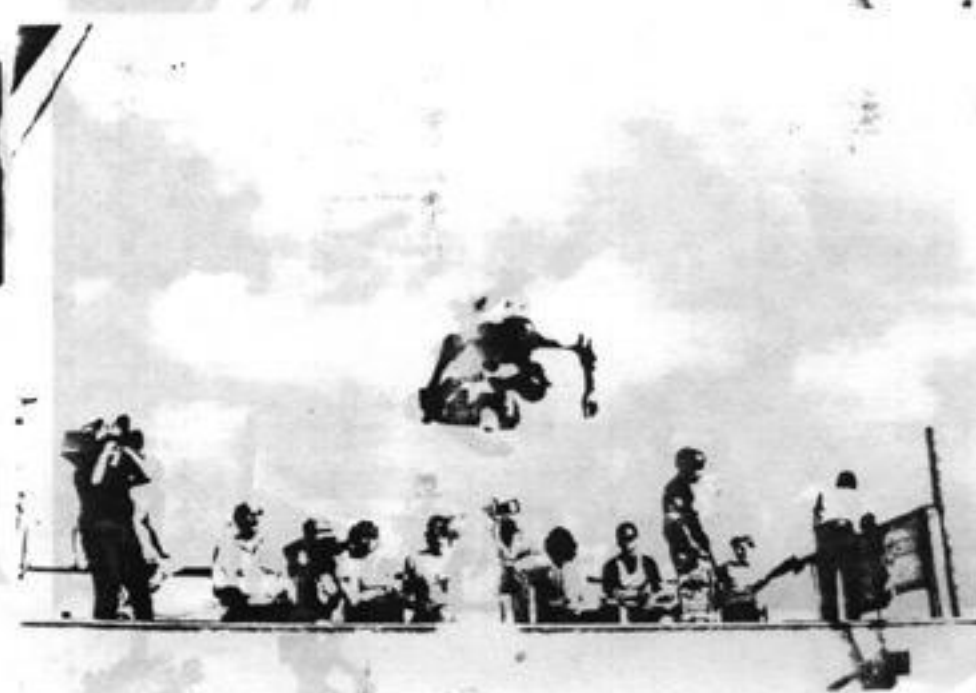
CHRISTIAN MOSOI, AS
ALWAYS, WAS HIS RAD SELF,
BOOSTING HIGH AIRS AND-
(NO!!)-YES!! LIP TRICKS
TOO.
INVERT.



TONY MAGNUSSON WAS
PUSHING HIMSELF UP
INTO THE HIGH PRO
RANKS ONCE AGAIN,
BEING ONE OF THE FEW
PULLING McTWISTS
CLEANLY.
7-FOOT McTWIST.



CRAIG JOHNSON, BACK
ON THE SCENE AGAIN.
BACKSIDE AIR.





HERE'S HOSOI AGAIN
CRANKING A McTWIST
HIGHER THAN YOU CAN
BELIEVE. HE REALLY
RIPPED! 2nd PLACE.

Sick



LESTER RIPPED WITH
SICK TRICKS AND
MONDO AIRS, PULLING
AIR WALKS, BENIHANAS,
AND MORE. BUT TOO
MANY BAILS KEPT HIM
IN SIXTH.
JAPAN AIR. HIGH.



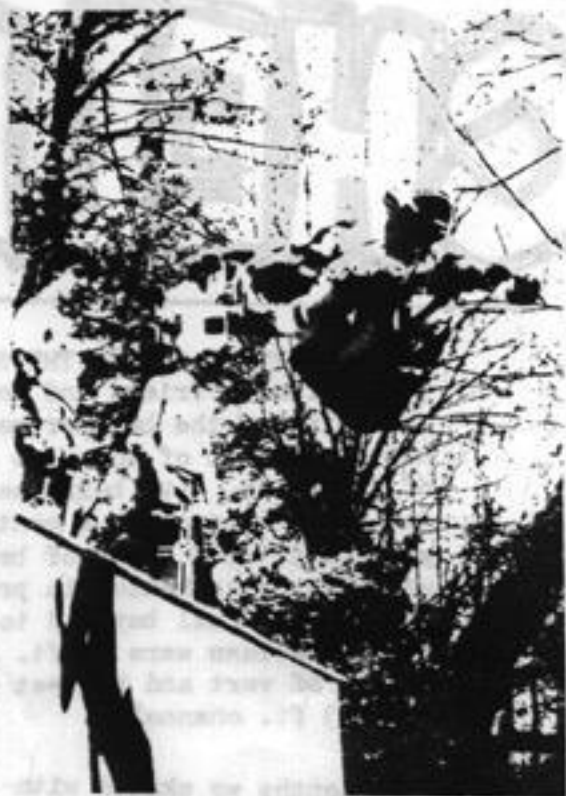
McGILL FINALLY MADE
IT UP THERE, USING HIS
OWN TRICK TO GET THERE.
MAYBE HE MADE THIS ONE.

PRO RESULTS:

1. TONY HAWK
2. HOSOI
3. TONY MAGNUSSEN
4. MIKE MCGILL
5. LANCE MOUNTAIN
6. LESTER
7. CRAIG JOHNSON
8. STEVIE CABALLERO



N
A
S



NAS HUVA?



U
A
P



CHELMSFORD!

SOMETIME DURING THE SUMMER OF '84 I WAS SHOWING GEORGE WICKERSON (close family friend and contractor extraordinaire) some pictures of ramps. He, being of the builder persuasion, asked why I didn't build one. I told him the amount of money we would need to build a good one was a little out of our reach. (We being me and Gregg Dileo) He said, "No problem, I'll get you a sponsor." A month later \$1200 worth of wood is sitting in Gregg's yard (with \$500 worth of brand new tools in the garage) and Mr. Dileo had us doing calisthenics in preparation for the work ahead. We started building in the late fall but had to stop for the winter. By spring we were skating. The dimensions were 20 ft. wide (exactly) with 8 1/2 ft. transitions, 11 inches of vert and 12 feet of flatbottom. We also had real pool coping (loose) and a 3 ft. channel.

For two months we skated with the likes of the Twista-Wista Crew, Glenner Grinnerstein, Mark Conahan, and even a Godoy, who was brought by Fred Smith, Sean McLean, Jeff Thompson, and the rest of that crew. Soon, however, stupidity struck in a few of the neighbor's houses and they began to complain. Every session the cops would be called and when they got there they would say, "I don't see any problem." then leave. But alas, the stupidity had struck deep and soon a court order arrived that made it a no-no to roll on plywood at 73 Musket drive. Gregg and I resorted to some heavy street sessioning out front (to make the crime fit the punishment) until our court date. As the story spread the media came down, and came down hard. T.V., newspapers, radio, you name it and it covered it. Soon we

were local heroes;
that's a
lie!



Soon we went to court (much better) and we lost. The big man wearing the black dress said move the giant plywood curved-thing because it is giving the neighborhood children a nasty complex. (I wonder what they do with their kids in a real thunderstorm.) Mr. Dileo appealed and we started to move the thing.

Thanks to Tom Ryan, we secured the use of a flatbed for a morning. By noon the Nashua ramp was in Chelmsford. We did, however, win one small skirmish with the nasty neighbor. As the flatbed began to leave the neighborhood, Dave Mahoney left in the guy's driveway a nice, shiny rubber patch (which scared the little buggers more than the ramp did).

By September, 1985, the ramp sat in the backyard of 24 Longmeadow Road. The channel was taken out, a new layer of wood and urethane added, and it could now be bathed in light for night sessions. Comments from my neighbors?

"I like it when they skate at night because it is comforting to know that I have protection if I need it." -Betty Cole

"I think it's great that these kids can come down and skate on a Friday or Saturday night instead of going out and drinking or doing drugs."

-Dan Calileo

"I think Rembs is cute!" -Wendy Calileo

"...doyouthinkishoulddropin,huh,huh,huh,howoldisTonyAlva,huh,huh,huh,whatdurometerwheelsworkbestinsnow,huh,huh,huh,doyoulikegreenboards,huh,..."

-Carlos

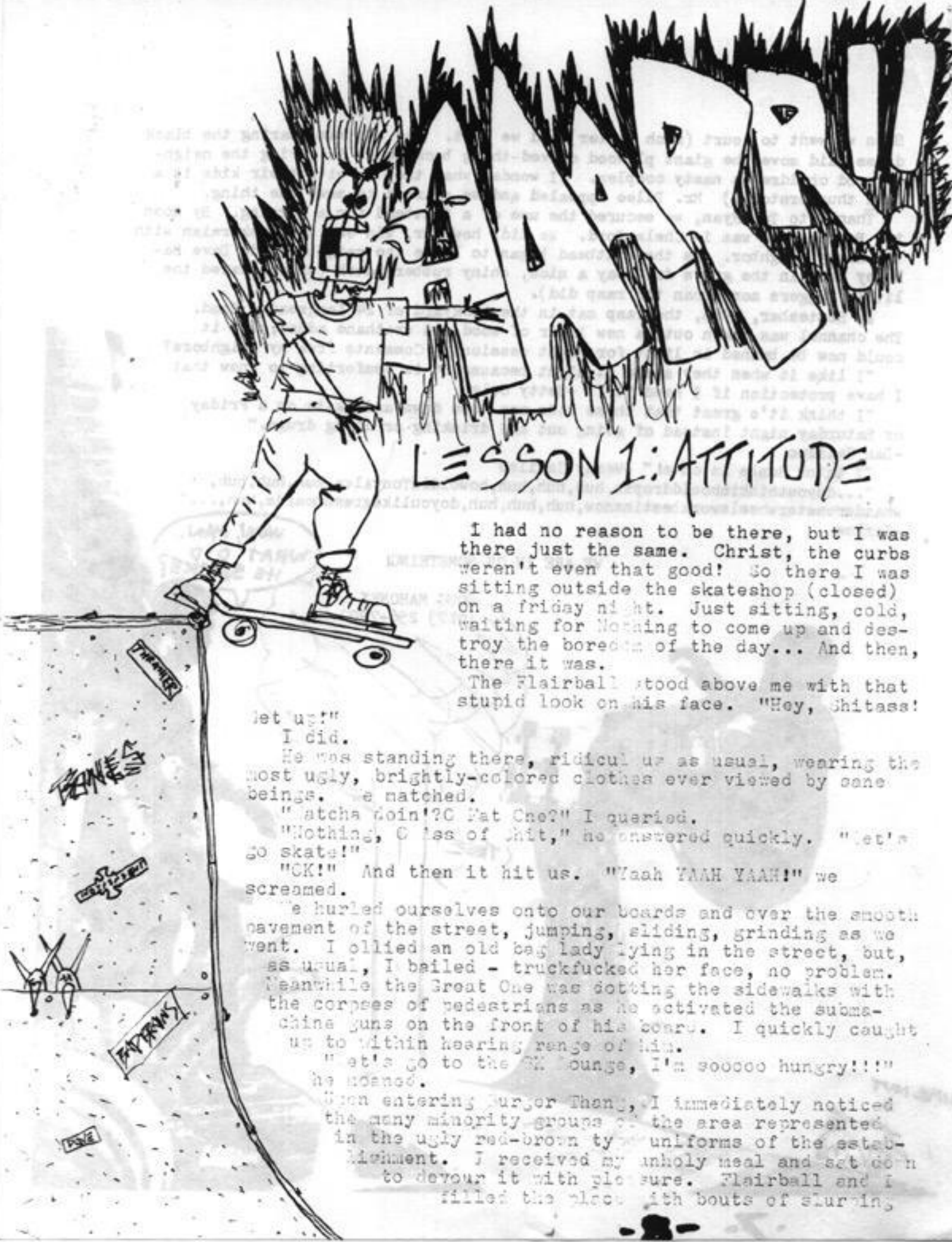
WE ARE IN ON SOMETHING

DOUG MAHONEY
(617) 256-7900

WOW, MAN.
WHAT DID
HE SMOKE?

(TREE)
↓

SOME NOT
↓



YEAH!!

LESSON 1: ATTITUDE

I had no reason to be there, but I was there just the same. Christ, the curbs weren't even that good! So there I was sitting outside the skateshop (closed) on a friday night. Just sitting, cold, waiting for Nothing to come up and destroy the boredom of the day... And then, there it was.

The Flairball stood above me with that stupid look on his face. "Hey, Shitass!

Let us!"

I did.

He was standing there, ridicul us as usual, wearing the most ugly, brightly-colored clothes ever viewed by sane beings. We matched.

"Watches Goin' 20 Pat One?" I queried.

"Nothing, C less of shit," he answered quickly. "Let's go skate!"

"OK!" And then it hit us. "YAAH YAAH YAAH!" we screamed.

We hurled ourselves onto our boards and over the smooth pavement of the street, jumping, sliding, grinding as we went. I ollied an old bag lady lying in the street, but, as usual, I bailed - truckfucked her face, no problem. Meanwhile the Great One was dotting the sidewalks with the corpses of pedestrians as he activated the submachine guns on the front of his board. I quickly caught up to within hearing range of him.

"Let's go to the BK lounge, I'm soooooo hungry!!!" he roared.

Upon entering Burger Thang, I immediately noticed the many minority groups of the area represented in the ugly red-brown ty uniforms of the establishment. I received my unholy meal and sat down to devour it with pleasure. Flairball and I filled the place with bouts of slurping.

ARE YOU
"DIFFERENT?"

and gobbling, causing eight people to leave in disgust (our highest number yet!) We laughed loudly and then began a garbled discussion of skating, girls, food, money, and skating. The word "Copley" was mentioned and soon we were off to another street session.

We ollied, grinded, dropped, 360-bonelessed, varial-foot-plant-to-axle-stalled, and varial-les-twisted everything in sight, until the sweat flowed, despite the night air, colder than a witch's tit. The aftermath included two broken benches, scattered trash, blood, sweat, and skin left here and there, a dead baby (which we couldn't find much use for), and two very satisfying puddles of piss.

As we sat down to rest and to drink the mandatory Cokes, we began thinking about the upcoming weekend.

"Skate," I said.

"Yeah, skate," agreed the Mighty One.

"Letties?"

"Oh, skate."

"Where?" I pondered.

Fleirball had a fiend look in his eye.

"What's up, man?"

He didn't answer. But then, "The Spot!"

"Huh?"

"The Spot," he repeated. "That's where we'll go. Now. It's there for us, it's what we want. We've gotta find it. Every time we skate the same places: the same banks, the same curbs, the same ramps, the same pools. It never changes. But somewhere all our urethane dreams are waiting for us in one spot, the steepest, smoothest banks; the slickest curbs; the biggest ramps, most awesome pool coping, mega vert; the best pools; with a million lines to all. It's there..."

I sat dumbfounded. Suddenly he farted, and I knew it was the old Fleirball again.

"Hey," he said, "I'm hungry."

I figured that the BK dinner only filled two-thirds of the lower left quadrant of the Mighty Stomach. Dinner time again- pizza, Kenmore Square, right near the parking blocks (the spot?) He ate, I watched, and he ate some more. I got him to buy me a coupla Cokes, which was a good thing, coz I wanted to be wired for the sessioning to be done.

After raging on the punk-we-dos and starting a major gang war which would eventually have world consequence, we hit the parking blocks for slides, grinds, and footplants galore. At one point I ollied off a block, over the mini-chasm, and into the bedroom of some nasty yuppie dogging a fourteen-year-old girl. I shouted a laugh, the girl puked, and then I left via boneless-off-window. When I got back outside, Flarry was looking at the stars but not seeing them.

"This ain't it," he said.

"Huh?" was my intelligent reply.

He looked at me and said, "Let's go."

"We went."

Since we had more time and money than we should have had, we decided to hop the train, first for Turtles and then to Boston City Hospital for the midnight run. In the train station, I called home to tell them I was staying at FB's. No answer. They must still be at the Neo-Nazi Bible School for Liberal White People, I thought.

On the train, we were alone except for a tall bearded man in a black trenchcoat and hat. Hefty started philosophizing on the Spot again. Just then, the old man stood up, came over to us and said,

"I couldn't help overhearing you two young gentlemen and I believe I may be of service. What you seek cannot be found so easily. It is not a concrete place but a metaphysical state of mind, wherein you, the individual, must find peace and contentment within your own psyche and thus create the reality in which you alone live. Your reality is different from my reality, and thus you may only find Utopia by finding yourself. In doing this, you will see the heterogeneous substructure of the obtrusive atmosphere to which it is necessary for cultures to defer what there is of a sub-terraqueous defective perdition in the ambidextrous viscosity of detrimental, perennial, and magnanimous transgress--"

"FUCK THAT!" I said.

Flairball clocked the old man squarely in the face with his back truck, killing him instantly. I drew an X on his forehead and then we got off the train.

We skated Turtles for a little while, but it ended with the same results, so we went to Harvard Square so Flarry could get some dinner. With three quadrants filled, he got talkative.

"Shine City Hospital. I don't like that place, and anyways we wouldn't have any fun. It's useless. I don't know, I feel... I feel.... unfulfilled."

"Eat some more!" I suggested.



[CONTINUED ON PAGE 19]



The Wrecker showing off
his fatal flail. ↑

Here we see a fed up Dan
just moments before he launched
his board at Lukes head.
The reason, ... your Looking
at it. →

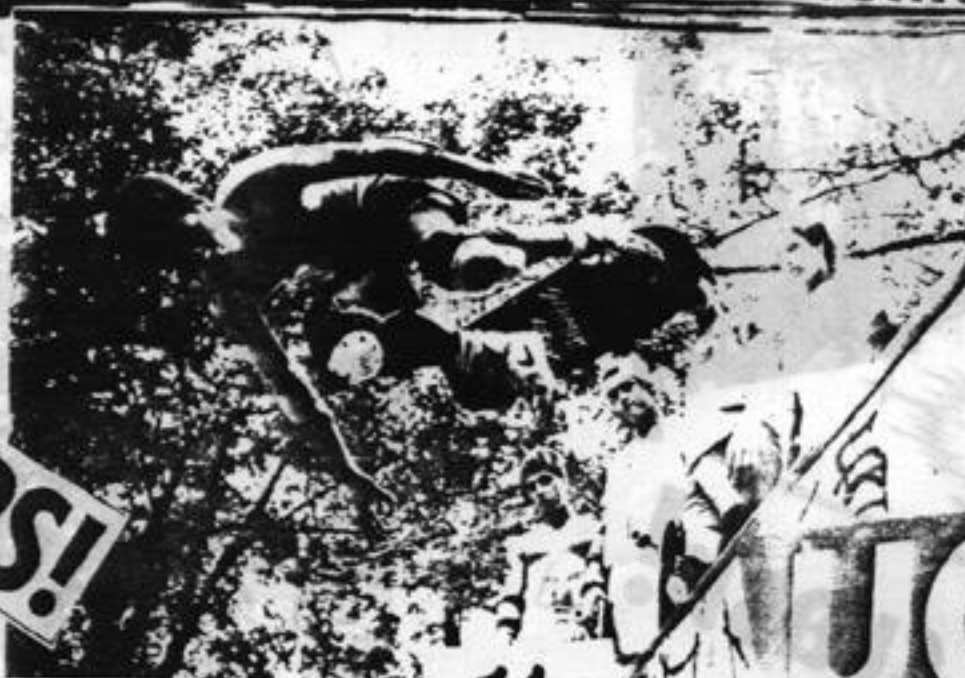


CRUNCH!



Interesting facts about women

-FB



Mark Conahan
Editor of
"Body Slain"
This picture
says it all

OOPS!

UGH!

The Ivy leaguer
Looking very unprofessional,
and hardly like a Harvard
man. →

Wimp

DIE!



Fred Smith, of Magazine
Pulling a High Altitude
Bail. ←

Zapped!



The Classic. "What the hell
am I doing here?" Bail.



crash!





See there's this spot called Boston City Hospital and it rips. For years when locals have no place to go the word "hospital" has come up. It's fame has spread and every foreigner who comes to Boston is sure to hit City at least once. But as all locals know, you can only skate for about 30 minutes before the rent-a-cops come and boot you. But they were always casual and you could usually get a good session in before they decided to flail you the golden toe.

But of course that's all changed and now sessions last about a minute and a half. These fo's were taken on a day in November when we bored and had nothing to do, we went to the hospital and skated. Chief flailed SICK

NUTTIES
IN
BLUE →

Texas Plants. Well the cops came out so last runs were had while I took fo's of the nutties in blue. We shined and went to the ditch where we flailed and I bailed on my head. 45 minutes later we were back at Boston City skating again. Alright, so we were all on top of the big one and Greg was about to drop in when this cop car comes up the driveway and hauls right up the curb and bank. Greg & Dave dropped in and bailed through some bushes into the street and me and Chief got heaved into the car. 4 more cops came running out of the hospital and they were all talking on their radios. It was so EASILY a planned bust. We just said what the fuck?. Well now it's pretty much a bust and Steve never got his skate back. Fuck bored cops! Life sucks.





Not far from Boston City Hospital (actually, it's just down the street) is what we call home after being kicked out of the City - THE BLACK HOLE (general cheers and applause). Check it out, one long spillway/snakerun type deal, a gift from the gods, just sittin' there behind the Stride Rite factory. When you get there, you may just wanna ride those smooth transitions (tho' small) or maybe you may wanna go for them long and loud grinds. But most likely you'll be up for some innovations. Pick up the various slabs o' wood (two shredded sheets of plywood or so, a crate or two, and some tires, also) and make yourself a made to order spot. No prob.

(CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT)
CHIEF, BACKSIDE BONER. LUKE,
SQUASHING HIMSELF. CHIEF, ICE.
DAVEY, SWEEPER. THE END.



GONE

...FOR GOOD!



FIRM TRIM

DROOPING
DERRIERES



FLAT-TIRE
WAISTS



FLABBY
THIGHS



BULGING
BELLIES



UGLY
LEGS



YEAH, TURTLES/KIDDIELAND AGAIN -
EVERY TIME NEW LINES ARE DISCOVERED.
CLOCKWISE FROM RIGHT, LUKE BLASTING
OVER THE HIP. SKATE DAVEY, FLOATING
BONELESS. CHIEF, BACKSIDE AGAIN
(NO JOKES, THANKS).



OK!
NOW TURN
THE PAGE
FOR FUN!!

CAMBRIDGE POOL

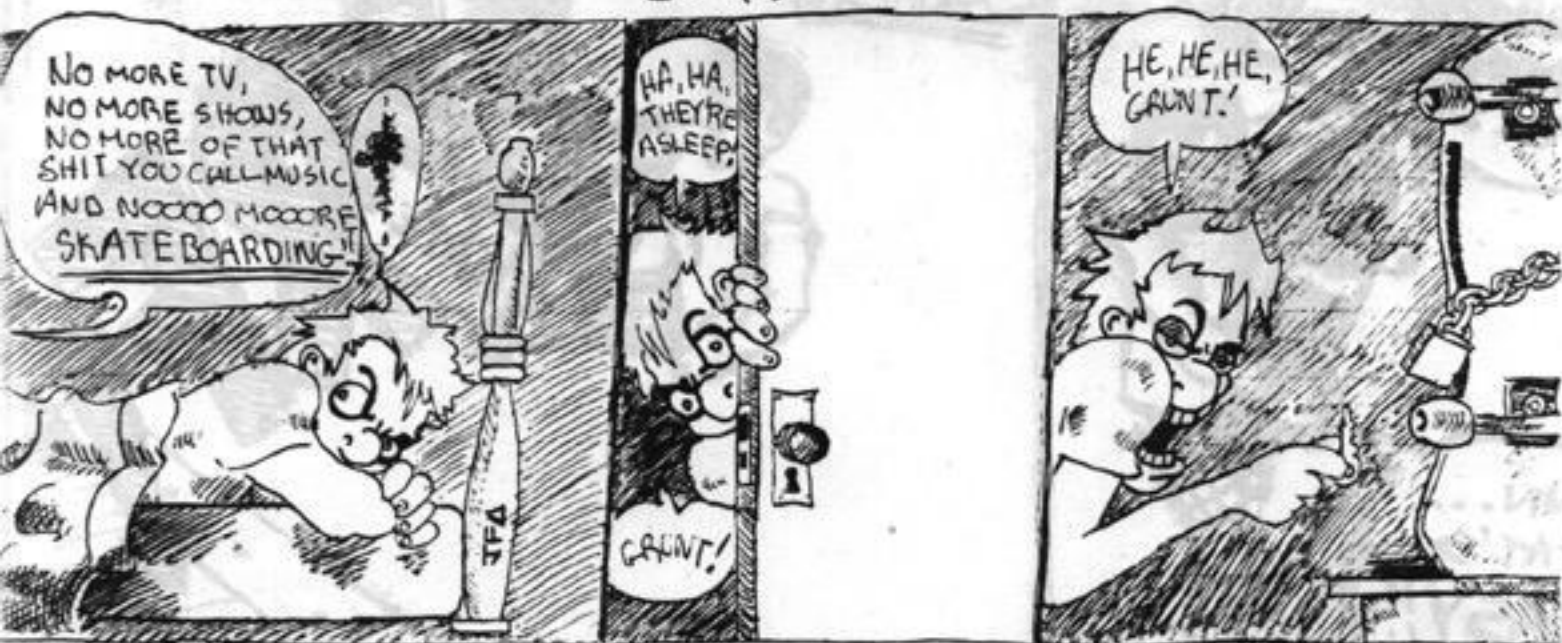


DOES THIS SAY IT
ALL OR WHAT?????



CATWALK





"Fuck you!!!" He was visibly upset. "Maybe that old man was right..."

"NAH!!!" we shouted together.

We left to go to Flarry's, so we could watch our library of skate videage. We rode the train silently and skated quickly to his house. After dinner and the videos we racked it in his living room, discussing skating, girls, food, money, skating, etc. in the light of his mindless (non-skate) T.V.

"Let's skate vert this weekend," I said, "I fuckin' CRAVE!!!"

"Yah! We'll go to Huggins'..." As I closed my eyes I heard him say, "...or maybe the Spot..."

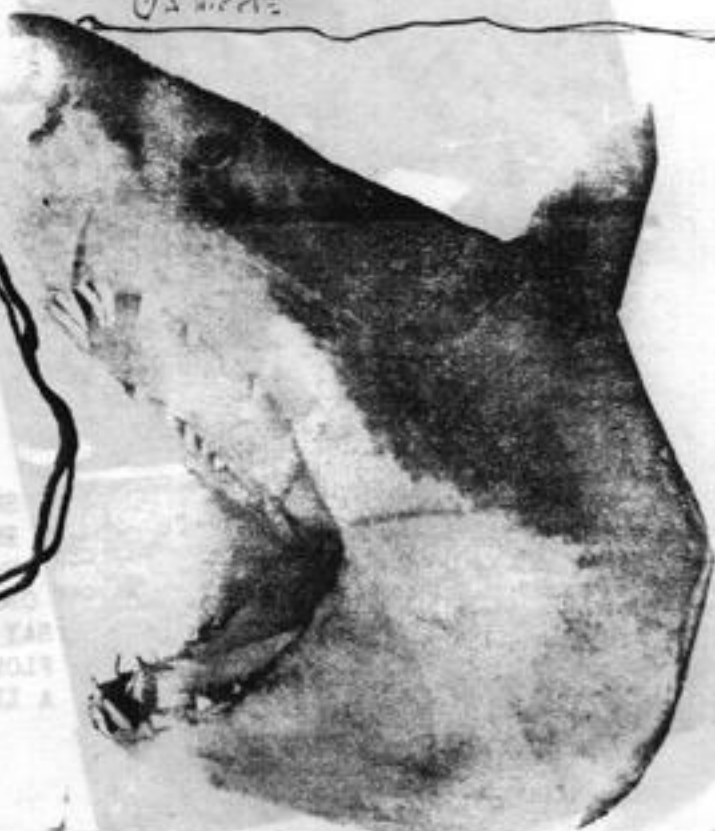
I swore at him and went to sleep.

END



CONTEST:

TELL US THE NAMES OF THE FIVE
ROADTRIP DUDES IN THE FILM,
"SKATEBOARD MADNESS" AND WIN
A BONTORT TEE-SHIRT.
SEND US SOMETHING RIDICULOUS,
OR EVEN DORK PHOTOS, AND WIN ALL
SORTS O' OTHER NEAT-O PRIZES!!!!





STREET MEAT.



STREET MEAT.

YAH! THIS IS THE EAST COAST, AND FUCK YEAH, WE SKATE! BUT I GUESS Y'ALL ALREADY KNOW THAT, FROM THAT ARTICLE IN THRASHER... ONLY PROBLEM IS, IT MADE IT LOOK LIKE ONLY THE LOUD ONES SKATED OUT HERE. FUCK NO!!! THERE'S A DAMN BIG SCENE HERE AND IT'S STILL GROWING. AND SO --- CONTORT.

YEAH, SKATING'S GETTING BIG (AGAIN). SEEMS LIKE A NEW LITTLE SQUID COMES IN EVERY DAY TO THE SHOP WANTING A NEW, SHINY BOARD.

"HEY MISTER! YOU GOT THEM POWER- UH, POWER PRALTA BOARDS??" JUST READING THE "BIG" MAGS GIVES YOU AN IDEA HOW MUCH THE INDUSTRY'S GROWING. I THINK NASH HAD ABOUT 7 FULL-PAGE ADS IN TRANS WORLD (OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT)



MEAT SKATING.

Squids

JET-POWERED
TORPEDOES
OF THE DEEP

ALL THE NEW MOVES AND FUCKED-UP BOARD SHAPES ARE GETTIN' A LITTLE OUT OF HAND. JUST CHECK OUT THE NEW POWELL VIDEO, FUTURE PRIMITIVE, FOR SOME SICK FOOTAGE. BUT I'D SUGGEST STAYING AWAY FROM THINGS LIKE THE NEW LESTER BOARD - IT'S A BOAT THAT LOOKS LIKE A DICK ('COURSE, IF YOU'RE INTO THAT SORT OF THING...)

ON THE SAME SUBJECT, A CERTAIN BOSTON "SKATE" SHOP, KNOWN FOR THEIR RATHER UNDERHANDED (SNORT) DEALINGS (SHOULD WE SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU? O.K. W-H-E- OH FORGET IT. JUST SEE ISSUE #1), HAS ONCE AGAIN HINTED TO A NEW SKATELAB OPENING. I SAY HAI DON'T GET YER HOPES UP, KIDS. AND DON'T FLOW THE \$\$ UNTIL YOU SEE DEFINITE RESULTS.... A LITTLE SKATE ADVICE : IT'D BE NEAT, BUT WATCH IT



ON THE SET
OF "SPENSER"

SEEMS LIKE EVERYONE WANTS IN ON THE BOOM...THE NEWEST PRIME TIME WRECK, THIS TIME IN BOSTON,"SPENSER FOR HIRE", GLADLY PAID SEVERAL OF THE CONTORT CREW TO DORK AROUND IN THE STREETS FOR A QUICK SHOT IN A SHOW THIS SUMMER. DOS OF US (CHIEF 'n RUSS) GOT PAID MONDO MUCHO BUCKS FOR A SMALL SPEAKING PART... YAH, NOT BAD

WELL ONE BUMMER WITH ALL THIS SHIT IS THE LAW...ALONG WITH THE NASHUA/CHELMSFORD RAMP DEAL (SEE STORY p.5) WE SKATERS BE GETTIN' MONDO SHIT. ONE OF THE HOT VERT SPOTS FOR THE SUMMER HAD TO RIP DOWN ITS BEAUTIFUL SELF - THE NEWTON RAMP (FEATURED LAST ISH). WILL, OWNER, GOT FED UP AND IS BOOKIN' IT TO SKATE MECCA (CAL). ONCE AGAIN, THEM STUPID CONSTIPATED PEOPLE RUINED OUR FUN....

WILL HEESPELINK,
EX-RAMP OWNER,
STYLISH FRONTSIDE

DOOM

SICK.



OF COURSE, THER'S STILL PLENTY OF DORKING TO BE DONE IN THE BOSTON AREA. MOST STREET AND BANK SPOTS ARE STILL HAPPENING, WE'RE JUST A LITTLE SICK OF THIS FUCKIN' WINTER!! BUT I THINK THAT BY THIS SUMMER IT'LL BE COOKIN' ENUFF. UNFORTUNATELY, THE N.I.C.L.S. SERIES LAST YEAR ENDED UP AS PRETTY MUCH OF A FLOP. POOR OL' TOM STAHLE LOST BIG BUCKS TO UNCOOL NUTS. WE MAY BE ABLE TO SCROUNGE UP A FEW STREET STYLE CONTESTS FROM THE WILLING SKATE SHOPS AROUND, AND HOPEFULLY AT LEAST AN ISOLATED RAMP CONTEST IN THE 'BURBS (?) MAYBE WHEELS WILL COME THROUGH WITH SKATESLAB II... NAH I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE IT.

FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN, THERE'S A HOT SCENE IN LITTLE RHODE ISLAND. THE MASSIVE NEWPORT RAMP HOSTS DAILY SESSIONS, AND THE SKATESHOPS AROUND PROVIDENCE HAVE AND WILL HAVE HAD A BUNCH OF STREET CONTESTS... WORD ON THAT NEXT ISSUE (PLUS OH SO MUCH MORE, DAMN IT)

SEE Y'ALL LATER,
CANNY

P.S. THANK TO MARC CONAHAN FOR
INSPIRATION AND
DETERMINATION IN
GETTING THIS
DONE!

MEOW



WAIT! I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!!?



IT'S EASY, YOU
DORK!!



REMBS, BONELESS
FRONTSIDE AT THE
BLOCKS.

LUKE, BACKSIDER.



ANYONE KNOWING THE
WHEREABOUTS OF OL'
FLAIRBALL, CONTACT US
HERE AT CONTORT H.Q.
HE WAS LAST SEEN DOING
BERTS AT THE METALS AND
DORKING IN COPLEY SQUARE.



EMPTY

SEND TO:

CONTORT
34 M-LWILL-AM-
BOSTON, MA
02114



URFI!
YAH.....
CONTORT
RULES!